

*Miss Sprightly.* And it has made me wicked too; but, indeed, Mademoiselle, I have a great deal of vanity still, and it has made me commit a great fault since I saw you last. I'll tell it before all these ladies, that they may shame me out of it.

*Mademoiselle.* You are in the right, my dear. The best method to amend our faults is to confess them. Let us hear then what you have done.

*Miss Sprightly.* We were yesterday at my lady D—'s assembly. This lady is pretty old; for she has got children: she asked me how I spent my time. I am reading Quintus Curtius, answered I. What is Quintus Curtius, said this lady? O! said I, it is a very fine book, in which is the life of Alexander the Great. She said, I do not remember any king of England, whose name was Alexander the Great; and yet, when I was young, I learned by heart the abridgment of the History of England; but really I have forgot it. Instead of making a reply to what this lady said, Mademoiselle, I made  
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a pretence to blow my nose, and put my handkerchief before my face, to hold my laughing at her stupidity; and I have been in company several times since, and have told every body of the ignorance of that lady, who had never heard speak of Alexander.

*Mademoiselle.* Indeed, my dear, you have been guilty of a very great fault; don't you think you have done this lady a great deal of injury?

*Miss Sprightly.* Yes, Mademoiselle; but when I was guilty of this folly, it was not with a design to do her any injury; but only to feed my own vanity, by making every body think that I was a girl of sense, and had read a great deal.

*Mademoiselle.* I assure you, my dear, they would not think any such thing. We have this morning made a visit to Lady B—. You know that she is a very sensible woman. What a wicked girl, says she, is that, Miss Sprightly! yesterday she took pleasure in laughing at poor  
a lady